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BE PATIENT.

Be patient, O be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient, O be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be wrought;
But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, O be patient! Go and watch the wheat ears grow,
So imperceptibly that ye can not mark nor change nor throe;
Day after day, day after day till the ear is full grown;
And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, O be patient! Though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest field of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen.
Be ripening, be ripening, mature your silent way
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's harvest day.

—William James Linton.

Pacific School of Religion

THE PACIFIC

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THOSE FIERY AND INFLAMING PULPIT UTTERANCES OF DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS THAT OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN.

In The Pacific for June 14 an editorial on "Brotherhood on the Battlefield" had the following closing paragraph:

"Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis said in a Y. M. C. A. address a few weeks ago in New York City that he could forgive the Germans when he saw the Kaiser, von Tirpitz, and Bethmann-Hollweg hanging and riddled with bullets. We wonder whether this rabid-preacher hater might not find a different feeling breaking out from him if he and the Kaiser were lying together, wounded and dying on some battlefield in France. With the light of Eternity in his face Dr. Hillis might be able to conclude that the Kaiser is not such a monster as some persons think him to be. But if not this, surely Dr. Hillis would, in his dying hour, soon to pass into the presence of the Master, pray the prayer that was prayed on Calvary, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

A few days after this was published we received a card from the Rev. Dr. Pond, in part as follows:

"You did not see, I am sure, in the last 'Congregationalist,' the emphatic statement that Dr. Hillis never made any such statement as that attributed to him in a quotation in one of your articles. I can hardly conceive it possible that one familiar with the spirit and manner of Dr. Hillis's utterances, would not see its counterfieit in that quotation."

Another reader of The Pacific has also called our attention to the editorial note in The Congregationalist, and of course it is expected that The Pacific will make some mention of it. We had not seen it; and now that we have seen it, we doubt whether so emphatic a denial would have been made, and whether Dr. Pond and the other reader would have written as they did write if other unnquestioned utterances of Dr. Hillis had been in mind. The Sunday Dr. Hillis was reported by the New York Times to have made that statement in a Y. M. C. A. address in the afternoon, he gave a sermon in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a copy of which was furnished by him for the Daily Eagle, in which he said: When the war is over it will be for us to urge forgiveness, but one wonders whether France or Belgium or England would listen to the plea. These poor creatures who have suffered unspeakable wrongs will probably say, 'I will forgive the Kaiser and von Tirpitz, and von Bethmann-Hollwegg, but I want to see them hanged first. Shoot them first and forgive them afterward.'

"It is this law of retribution that makes me doubt the stories that the Kaiser is dead or going to die. The Kaiser does not dare to die—he is afraid of meeting a million of Jesus' little ones whom he has murdered."

It was from that sermon and from another given about the same time that we copied some utterances which were mislaid and were found only a few days ago. Here are some of them: "All civilized nations must unite to kill the mad dog." Hillis had been likening Germany to "an escaped mad dog and to an insane man, biting like a rattlesnake and tearing like a hyena.'

In that connection Hillis remarked: "No peace should ever be accepted until every looted home in Belgium and France, and every ruined tool house and granary, with every factory whose tools have been carried to Germany are replaced by tools taken from the German shops and furniture taken from the German houses, and every ton of shipping sunk by illegal submarine warfare repaid by ships seized from Germany."

In that sermon Dr. Hillis piled epithet upon epithet and indulged in figure after figure: "The symbol of Germany is the panther leaping toward its victim." Her tactics are "the tactics of the Red Indian and the naked savages of the South Sea Islands."

We wish we had more of Dr. Hillis' utterances, but the papers are no longer at hand and part of our excerpts are lost.

Taking the sermons given out by him for publication, there are persons who would charge Dr. Hillis with disloyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. We shall not go to that extreme; but must say this: He has the fatal gift of oratory; his word pictures thrill, but his discourses are not logical; he jumps to conclusions, leaving great gaps in the facts; and is, accordingly, often misleading.

We doubt whether the calm historian of fifty years hence will accribe to the Kaiser the murder of the children in Armenia any more than he will ascribe to President Wilson the murder of the negroes in East St. Louis.

It did not appear to be in the mind of Dr. Hillis that there was a time when England might have seen the Turk driven out of Europe if she had not stood against it in her own interests. He skipped that fact when he pronounced judgment. God has not skipped it—and will not if he remains God.

We can leave Dr. Hillis and the New York Times reporter to settle the question whether he was correctly reported in the Y. M. C. A. address. What we have quoted from his sermon is bad enough. Even on the most liberal interpretation of the teachings of the Man of Nazareth, Dr. Hillis will stand condemned.

In that sermon from which we have quoted Dr. Hillis expressed the wonder whether France or Belgium or England would listen to any plea that might be urged for forgiveness. And yet he holds these up as Christian peoples. Dr. Hillis should explain what he thinks it is to be a Christian; it looks as if the god of this world had blinded his eyes. The prayer of Jesus on the Cross was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But here in America, nineteen hundred years later, a preacher stands up in a great historic pulpit, and practically suggests to the people of England, France and Belgium that they turn their backs on the Lord of heaven and of earth, who said to his disciples: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

We are not unmindful of the fact that Dr. Hillis said, "It will be for us to urge forgiveness." But the next uttered words expressed the wonder whether France, England, and Belgium would listen to the plea; and apparently, a doubt in his own mind as to whether they ought to listen to it.

But be this as it may; stop short of interpreting that utterance that way, it is impossible for Dr. Hillis to clear himself of the charge of having, in many a sermon and address, said things that no minister of Christ should say. When preachers of the gospel know what is in men as Christ knew, then only will they be justified in saying to them· "Ye serpents; ye offspring of vipers."

Of course Dr. Hillis should condemn Germany for all her wickedness; everybody should. But while doing it, we are of opinion that there are some other sins that should not be lost sight of. There are many Britons who have not lost sight of them. We know of no good reason why some of these eminent Britons should not be heard more widely than they have been in the United States, and especially at a time when the fires of an ungodly hatred are being fanned even by preachers, and we shall let one speak in the next article.

THE VIEW AN EMINENT ENGLISHMAN TAKES OF THE WAR.

There are in the British Isles not a few persons of prominence who have from the beginning of this world-war taken the position which we believe the historians of a few decades hence will take. At a time when the fires of an awful hatred are being lighted and which will perhaps be burning luridly soon all over our land, some little good may be done by letting the voice of one of them be heard through the Pacific. In this article we do not come down to the awful frightfulness with which Germany has of late been conducting the war, but in another next week we shall cover all that, and then shall show how it is possible even with these and other similar facts in mind for The Pacific to back up the Government of the United States in its prosecution of the war.

The eminent Englishman whom we shall quote in this article is Edward Carpenter, author of "Toward Democracy," "The Cause and Cure of Civilization," "The Drama of Love and Death," and other valuable books. Carpenter is a seer. We wish for the good of men and the glory of God that our people generally had his vision and spirit; it would enable us to move on rapidly to the solution of many questions and problems that bid fair now to distress the nation fearfully before there comes the spirit in which their settlement is possible.

Dr. Buck, the Canadian, who wrote a book several years ago on Cosmic Consciousness, puts Carpenter on the list of the persons whom he believed had experienced cosmic consciousness. Among these were Moses, Paul, St. John of the Cross and other of the middle-age mystics, Walt Whitman. Indeed Dr. Buck argues that it was this experience in great depth that made the Man of Nazareth what he was. Such persons get a vision of life and of the universe such as most mortals do not get. They enter what some call the fourth dimensional plane.

This latest book by Edward Carpenter, from which we quote now was published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The title was: "The Healing of Nations and the Hidden Sources of their Strife." We believe that the book was published in London also. Several of the chapters had been printed previously in the English Review and other London publications.

In this book, which was written for the healing of the nations Carpenter expressed the hope that for the good of the world Great Britain and her allies would win. These are his words: "While with the victory of Germany a German 'terror' might be established through the world, with the victory of the Allies neither England, nor France, nor Russia, nor little Belgium, nor any other country could claim a final credit and supremacy. With the latter victory we shall be freed from the nightmare of any one nation's world-empire."

Carpenter wrote, we believe, under the influence of the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, with fairness and with great frankness. Carpenter does not seek to exonerate Germany. We have no space in which to quote now from his chapter on "The Roots of the Great War." But this one paragraph will indicate the nature of it:

"It is no doubt pleasant, in its way, for us to draw this picture of Germany, and to trace the causes which led the ruling powers there, years ago, to make up their minds for war, because of course the process in some degree exonerates us. But, as I have already said, I have dwelt on Germany only because she affords so clear an example of what is going on elsewhere in Europe—in England and France and Italy, and among all the modern nations. We cannot blame Germany without also implicitly blaming these."

In a chapter on "The Case Against Germany," after presenting what could in all fairness be said against Germany, Carpenter wrote: "England, as I say, is in no position herself to sit in judgment on Germany and lecture her—much as she undoubtedly enjoys doing so. England's long-standing policy of commercial greed, leading to political graft in every part of the world; her infidelity in late years toward small peoples, like the Boers and the Persians; her neglect of treaty obligations, and silence about them when they do not suit her; her most dubious alliance with a military despotism like Russia—all render it impossible for her to accuse Germany. The extraordinary thing is that in the face of such prevarications as these, which are patent to the whole world, Britain at any moment of serious crisis comes forward with the air of utmost sincerity and in an almost saintly pose as the champion of political morality!"

Carpenter asks, "How is it?" and continues. The world laughs and talks of **heuchlerei** and **cant Britanique.** But I almost think (perhaps I stretch a point in order to save the credit of my country) that the real cause is not so much British hypocrisy as British **stupidity**—stupidity which keeps our minds in water-tight compartments and prevents us perceiving how confused and inconsistent our own judgments are and how insincere they appear to our neighbors. At any rate, whether the cause is pure hypocrisy or pure stupidity, or whether a Scotch mixture of these, it cannot be denied that its result is most irritating to decent-minded people."

And Carpenter remarks: "It is curious how a certain strain or vein of temperament, like that just mentioned, will run through a nation's whole life, and color its actions in all departments, recognized and commented on by the whole outside world, and yet remain unobserved by the nation itself."

In one of the chapters of his book Carpenter tells of the rise of Modern Germany,—how she became a political unit and a great power in Europe; how riches flowed in and a mercantile class arose whose ideals of life were of a corresponding character; and then he goes on to state the

situation as it was in the German mind and from the German standpoint:

"What wonder that, feeling her power, feeling herself more than ever balked of her rights, she cast her eyes abroad and coveted the imperial and commercial supremacy of the world? In this she had the example of Britain before her. Britain had laid land to land and market to market over the globe, and showed no particular scruple in the matter. Why should not Germany do the same?" Let the readers of The Pacific remember that Carpenter is here trying to present with fairness the German view. He has in this connection some very scathing words concerning his own country, as the Germans see things, and then closes with this astounding declaration:

"So far Germany seems to have had a perfectly good case; and though we in England might not like her ambitions, we could not reasonably find fault with motives so perfectly similar to our own. We might indeed make a grievance of the frank brutality displayed in her methods and the defence of them; but then she might with equal right object to the everlasting pretence of 'morality', and our concealment of mercenary and imperial aims under the cloak of virtue and innocence. One must confess that it is difficult to say which is the worse."

We are confident that when this war is over, men generally will come to realize that such Englishmen as Edward Carpenter had the correct view of it. As humanity now is, it was an irrepressible conflict. All the nations were diseased, and they were infecting one another. The outbreak had to come, in order that the disease might be eradicated. What we have to do is, to see it through, but with as little bitterness and hatred as possible. To that end The Pacific shall strive, as it has from the beginning, to hold people to a course of justice even in war time. No good can come to us as a nation by the concealment of facts, nor harm from efforts to get people to look at both sides. Apparently, Germany (if she is not already) will be in some sense the under dog when the end comes; her loss will be the greatest but the under dog deserves fair and calm consideration.

Our own nation is going to get seared and burned and chastened, along with the other nations; we, too, are sinful —witness the East St. Louis devilish outrage, and the selfishness everywhere as we enter the war. It is no time to shout pro-German and traitor at the men and women who plead for more of a Christ-like spirit, even though in their pleas they have to present unpalatable facts. If we seek now to hide our sins, God's thunderbolts will flash yet more fearfully.

WHY THE NEGROES ARE LEAVING THE SOUTH.

At a meeting in New York City one day last week the Rev. Clayton Powell, pastor of a Baptist church for colored people, made the following statement of the despicable treatment given the black man in the South:

"The negroes are leaving the South because life to them has been made unbearable. They are tired of being kept out of public parks and libraries, of being deprived of equal educational opportunities for their children, for which they are taxed, of reading signs, 'Negroes and dogs are not admitted.' The men are tired of disfranchisement; the women are tired of the insults of white hoodlums, and are sick of seeing mobs mutilate and burn unconvicted negro men. These migrating thousands are not seeking money, but manhood rights. All the people coming here are not poor. If the 350,000 negroes who have recently left the south were offered $5 a day and free transportation back, not ten per cent would return in a whole year. If these horrible injustices would be removed, especially the hellish institution of lynching, 80 per cent of them would return almost as quickly as they came."

In that meeting in New York, the editor of The Age said: "The man in the White House drew the color line on us. The South is in the saddle in Washington."

Commissioner Wilson of the Deparment of Labor, sent a representative recently to seek out the cause of this negro migration. A statement made by this agent, Dr. Dillard, formerly dean of Tulane University, reads:

"The causes of the migration of the 250,000 negroes who have left the South for the North, have not been determined exactly, but there are two principles which certainly underlie the movement: First, the lack of adequate white labor in the North, due to the stoppage of immigration from Europe, and second, the growing discontent of the negroes and the feeling possessed by all of them that they have no chance of a square deal in the South.

"The mistaken idea exists that this vast army of laborers has been enticed to the North through the devices of labor agents and of the railroad for the purpose of securing fees for the former and transportation payment for the lattter. My observation is that less than one-fourth of the total has been induced to move by either of these causes. To my mind, the migration of the negro to the North is purely an economic problem. In many instances the negroes have been poorly paid, as low as 70 cents a day, and we all know what such an allowance amounts to at present prices of food."

A few weeks ago The Pacific quoted from some articles written for the New York Post by the editor of the Advertiser at Montgomery, Alabama. We quote now from his concluding article:

"The class of white man who is making the most fuss about the negro exodus, and still wants to keep the negro practically in industrial slavery, is the greatest enemy of the whole Central South today. He preaches democracy from the soul of a Romanoff. Not only has the greed of this man kept the negro on the farm a slave, but it has also, in the last half century, produced a breed of illiterates from his own race as bad, or worse, than the ignorant emigrants who flock to the big cities of the United States from the king-ruled countries of Europe.

"In Alabama, for example, which has one of the largest negro populations of any of the States of the Old South, there are more illiterates than in any State in the Union, with the possible exceution of Mississippi. There seems to be some rivalry befween these two States as to which has the least number of citizens who can neither read nor write their names. But it must not be assumed that this illiteracy is entirely among the negro population. Such is not the case. There is little or no difference in the number of white and black illiterates in Alabama. The total, however, has grown to such proportions that during the last two years Alabama has been awakened to the deplorable condition of her eduational system, and is now engaged in the task of teaching thousands upon thousands of her people between the ages of twenty and eighty to read and write. In some sections of the State it is not at all unusual to see men and women, who have grandchildren, going to school.

"However, the pitiful part of the whole situation is that the majority of the people of Alabama, as well as those of other States, it seems, have not yet awakened to the truth of the basic cause of such conditions. They have yet to learn that it is the big land owner, who has

for fifty years kept the negro in industrial slavery, who also is to blame for the conditions among the poorer white people in both the rural sections and cities of the South. The large land owner who has kept the poor white man and negro in ignorance and poverty has grown rich in the process, and aside from the production of cotton has made the average farm of the Old South a sad spectacle. He has made a poor farmer of the negro, in many instances the poorest in the world.

"But he still prefers the negro to the poor white man, because it seems to be the unwritten law among this class that it is no sin to rob the negro. He figures on getting all the negro makes and then having the black man still in debt to him. However, in these calculations, he does not take into consideration that the years and years of oppression of the negro has reduced his efficiency as a laborer or tenant 50 per cent."

"HE LIFTETH THEM ALL TO HIS LAP."

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.
The Devil invented these terms, I think,
To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far o'er the foam
To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
And to kindle his hearthstone fire,
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
Lo! we make the strong man shrink
And stab the soul with the hateful word—
Dago and Sheeny and Chink.

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of Perdition's brink
To hurt, and dishearten, and harm.
O shame! when their Roman forbears walked
Where the first of the Caesars trod.
O shame; when their Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses and he with God.
These swarthy sons of Life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world, which now gives them
Dago and Sheeny and Chink.

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink,
He lifteth them all to His lap;
And the Christ, in His kingly grace,
When their sad, low sob he hears
Puts His tender embrace around our race
As He kisses away its tears,
Saying, "O least of these, I link
Thee to Me for whatever mayhap":
Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.

—Bishop McIntyre.

A PAGE OF THE WORLD'S DESTINY WRITTEN BY THE FINGER OF GOD.

Mazzini on Democracy.

"The democratic tendency of our times, the upward movement of the popular classes, who desire to have their share in political life—hitherto a life of privilege—is henceforth no Utopian dream, no doubtful anticipation," Mazzini wrote in 1847. "It is a fact; a great European fact, which ocupies every mind, influences the proceedings of governments, defies all opposition. Whatever may be said to the contrary, no one, nowadays, sees in the ever-strengthening voice of rising nations, of generations desirous of laying the foundations of a better future, of oppressed races claiming their place in the sunshine—nothing more than the vain imagination of a writer, or the cry of an agitator thrown out haphazard among the crowd. No, it is something more serious; it is a page of the world's destiny written by the finger of God in the heart of these generations whose movement hurries us along. It is the development of that law of which we are but the agents—the law of continual progress—without which there would be neither life, nor movement, nor religion; for there would be no Providence. Friends and enemies begin to own this. And yet, if the former salute the development of this fact with hymns of joy, the latter persist in regarding it as something abnormal, as a scourge acknowledged to be inevitable, but against which the human heart is irresistibly impelled to struggle."

"Whence comes this? Do we not all applaud, as did the Romans in their theater, the prophetic verse of the freedman, 'Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto' (I am a man; I account nothing human alien to me); when, through the vista of history, we see slavery and its pagan theory of two races of men fall before the holy words of Jesus, All men are children of God? Do we not hail, as another great conquest of the divine spirit that ferments in the heart of humanity, that other era in history, when through the Christian doctrine—we are all brethren—selfdom disappeared and made room for the free communes? Why, then, instead of rejoicing at the good news that millions of our brethren demand to join with us in accomplishing the world's work, do so many among us turn pale with terror at the signs of the coming future. Do they not call themselves Christians? Do they not repeat, as formulae of their belief, these words of the only prayer taught us by Christ to the Father: 'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven'?

"And what is the present movement but an attempt at the practical realization of this prayer? We are laboring that the development of human society may be, as far as possible, in the likeness of the divine society; in the likeness of the heavenly country, where all are equal; where there exists but one love, but one happiness for all. . . . The Law of God has not two weights and two measures: . . . . We cannot logically declare the children of God to be equal before God and unequal before men. . . We cannot admit, that instead of loving one another like brethren, men ought to be divided, hostile, selfish; jealous, city of city, nation of nation. We protest, then, against all oppression, wheresoever it is practiced; for we acknowledge no foreigners; we recognize only the just and the unjust; the friends and the enemies of God. This forms the essence of what men have agreed to call the democratic movement; and if anything ever profoundly surprised me, it is that so many persons have hitherto been blind to the eminently religious character of that movement, which is sooner or later destined to be recognized."

The fact is that real growth in character comes as so many of the best gifts of God come—by the way. In doing what we believe to be God's will for us, many things lie in the straight line of that fidelity. Every unselfish act makes unselfishness more possible. Every true word deepens our sense of truth. Every sacrifice broadens the nature.—Henry Wilder Foote.

WHO IS YOUR GOD?

By Sydney Strong, Pastor of Queen Anne Congregational Church, Seattle.

I ask you two questions: (1) Who is your God? (2) Is He really your GOD?

Mr. Gilbert Murray recently said, "I have myself talked on different days to two soldiers who gave vivid accounts of the hideous proceedings of the war in Flanders and of their own feelings of terror. Their accounts agree, but the conclusions they drew were different. One man ended by saying with a sort of a gasp: 'It made you believe in God, I can tell you.' The other, a more thoughtful man, said, 'It made you doubt the existence of God.' I think that the effect of this year of history will be to discourage the higher kind of religion and immensely strengthen the lower."

"To one of those soldiers God was evidently a Being of pure terror, fitly mirrored by the action of a host of high-explosive shells. To many people God is almost an incarnation of their desire for revenge; to others, an incarnation of self."

"Thus the God whom a man worships is in some form the projection of his own personality: the qualities attributed to each will be projections of the emotions of the worshiper. For example, an English cartoonist represents the Kaiser, a devout and fully armed figure kneeling before another Kaiser exactly the same in dress and feature, but gigantic, august, enthroned amid the incense of ruined towns and burned churches, blindly staring and inexpressibly sad." This is the sort of a God that is receiving the devotion of mankind, for the time being. It is the main flood in men's thoughts: and higher religion will be for the time, submerged.

The God of instinct, while claiming the multitudes, does not satisfy the best and most thoughtful. There is bound to be an awakening, says Mr. Murray, like that described by Shakespeare in his character of Caliban, who at the close of his experience, declares

"What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God
And worship this dull fool!"

We get into quite another sphere when we reach the God of Jesus Christ—not God of Instinct or Nature or even Reason, but God of Love. And Robert Browning is very keen when he declares that it is an occasion of great reproach to Christians that they actually reject the sublime revelation of God on Calvary. Why?

"Upon the ground
That in the story had been found
Too much love! How could God love so?"

Who is your God? Is he really your God?

Mr. Rauschenbusch has written a suggestive book on "Dare We Be Christians?" In it he says, "A man is a Christian in the degree in which he shares the Spirit and consciousness of Jesus Christ, conceiving God as Jesus knew him and seeing human life as Jesus realized it."

"Jesus was conscious of God as a sunny and lovable presence, and He taught his friends to think of God as a father who loved them unselfishly and wanted nothing from them except love. This conception of God was re-enforced when men saw in the cross the great declaration of the redemptive love of God.

"Christianity," continues Mr. Rauschenbusch, "stands for the belief that 'God is love.' It has succeeded in making that tremendous assertion of faith a commonplace; in so far as we have taken that doctrine seriously it has revolutionized our spiritual outlook and put a new face on the universe.

"Christianity stands for the doctrine that we must love one another—all men without distinction of religion, race, color or previous condition of servitude. It will tolerate no exempt breed of supermen and no pre-empted areas of God's common world. It does not call upon the strong to climb to isolation across the backs of the weak, but challenges them to prove their strength by lifting the rest with them."

WHO is your God? Is He really your GOD?

Max Muller is credit with this story. He said that an Indian convert to Christianity visited Europe. This convert, while in India, had absorbed the essence of the Christian doctrine. When he saw in Europe the actual life of Christians he was amazed. He could not recover from his astonishment at the complete contrast between the reality and what he had expected to find in Christian nations. He discovered that the God of the Christians was not worshipped in reality. Many a Japanese or Chinese boy has been rudely awakened as he stepped on American soil by the contrast between the American missionaries he knew and the Americans who greeted him at the dock. Is the Christian God your God? Is He really your God? God is a spirit and His worshippers must worship Him in Spirit and in reality.

Every man in Christendom has to face the question whether he will make the God of Jesus Christ his God, and the question is especially pressing in our day. It is a vital and personal question, these days, how can I escape from the evil that has come down on the earth? Christ has said that all who accept His teachings will find their fetters dropping off. The Christian is one who regards the law of love as the supreme guide of his life. He cannot do otherwise than to love all mankind: for his God is love. He may be deprived of liberty as to the flesh; may be persecuted: but he is freed from all human authority since he renders supreme obedience to the divine law of love.

"The condition of Christian humanity with its fortresses, cannons, dynamite, gases, bombs, guns, torpedoes, prisons, gallows churches factories custom offices and palaces" says Tolstoy, "is really terrible. All those things are the work of men. If men come to see that they ought not to do these things, then they will cease to be. And already they are beginning to understand it.

"Strange and contradictory as it seems, multitudes of men hate the very social order they are themselves supporting. Multitudes in Europe and America are supporting war who hate war and everything about war. They believe that war, even the most humanely conducted, with all its ordinary consequences; the destruction of harvests, robberies, the license and debauchery, and the murder with its justifications of its necessity and justice, the exaltation and glorification of military exploits and so on, do more in one year to pervert men's minds than thousands of robberies, murders, arsons, perpetrated during hundreds of years of individual men under the influence of passion. They believe that wholesale violence and lawlessness debase mankind's mind far more than when done in retail. Yet, strange and contradictory as it seems, they support the thing they hate."

This cannot, however, go on long. War must go—as chattel-slavery and drink-slavery, have gone or are going. If we are to be Christian, says Mr. Rauschenbusch, we shall not live permanently in a loveless world: for the Christian's God is love.

When is the end to come to the present order? Christ was asked when the present world order would come to

an end; and He said it will come when the tribulation of men is greater than ever; when the good news of the realm or kingdom of God shall have been declared to all nations. No man knows the time, but it may come suddenly, in such an hour as we think not. And because we cannot know, we ought to be always ready for it, just as the virgins ought to watch with lamps alight for the bridegroom; and further, we ought to work with all our power to bring that hour to pass, as the servants ought to work with the talents entrusted to them.

If love is really as important as we Christians profess: if the Christian's God of love is really our God: then must there be repentance on our part and a change in our living."

Mr. Rauschenbusch again declares that "The frequency with which our communities have to fall back on physical coercion is a symptom of the failure of love, for love can usually dispense with force. The more love, the less force; the more force, the less love. Despotic government has to use plentiful force to keep its unnatural structure erect. Every proposed increase in police force and military organization is a challenge and accusation against those institutions of society which ought to create social solidarity. If ever our country draws towards its ruin, it will bustle with efficient arsenals and hired fighters. The constant use of military violence in labor disputes in our country proves that industry is still in the despotic stage. It needs democratizing and Christianizing."

Let me affirm that our great present need is free Christians: that is Christians who are not enslaved to the existing order of things: Christians who are not weighed down, or entangled or materialized or enchained by the God of this world-order: who look to Jesus as the A and Z of their faith; to Jesus who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despised the shame; and as a result sat down in the place of honor at the right hand of God. The need of the age is for Christians who are free in the Spirit—not materialists—whose God is in their actual lives, Spirit and Love.

There is much said these days of the coming of Christ. I cannot understand some things that are said, and some other things that are said about the coming of Christ seem foolish to me: but with the idea of Christ's coming, I am in profound sympathy. I am prepared, indeed, to say that I not only believe that Christ is coming and coming at an unexpected time and manner, but that the Realm of God is present now: and all, who will, may enter into its joys and salvation: to say that anyone may at once break from the slavery of the existing world-order and enter upon the freedom of a Child of God; not only may, but ought.

That is the message that Jesus spoke to men. "The Realm of God is here and now. The door to it is at your feet. Enter it. It is spiritual, not material. It is eternal, not temporal. No matter how enslaved you may be in the world-bondage; what entanglements of government and church and family; what chains may hold your body: —Enter into the Realm of God, here and now, and find freedom." So Jesus preached and Jesus realized. Jesus lived and died in faith in this Unseen Realm, which was his breath and his meat. His God was love; His daily life was a present realization of His God.

Talking recently with a neighbor, he said: "I have lately read Jesus' 'Sermon on the Mount' and I have observed that it says that when He 'saw the crowd' He called His disciples off by themselves and began to declare to them what kind of men they must be in order to be members of God's kingdom, and further to show them what qualities they must possess if the: were to save the 'crowd'; that is, save mankind from the existing evil system. In other words, He showed that His disciples must have certain personal qualities of character if the Realm of God, new social order, was to come among men: if there was to be any rock foundation for mankind's life: and that anything not built on these qualities was built on shifting sand: which would fail and fall when a storm, like the present one, came upon them.

"As I read the 'Sermon on the Mount'," said my neighbor, "I saw two things: first a good society must start with a good individual. In other words, God comes into the world through a godly man: second, it is necessary for the individual to possess certain specific qualities, enumerated by Jesus, if he is to help prepare the way for the Coming of the Kingdom. Among these qualities are purity and meekness and love of enemies, and non-resistance and control of temper and forgiveness. When you find these qualities, you may be sure that you are in the Realm of God; but when these qualities are lacking, you may likewise be sure—no matter how pretentious your claims —that you are citizens of the existing evil world-order."

I have asked you to consider two questions:

1. WHO is your God?
2. Is He really your GOD?

The Christian's reply is (1) God is the incarnation of Love; (2) He who loves is of God.

The favorite text of George Fox, whom Carlyle called "the one free man in Europe," was "God is Spirit and the true worshipper must worship Him in Spirit and in reality." This is a creed that points a man to freedom. No slave can live in the atmosphere of this truth. God is Spirit. He speaks to my spirit. God speaking to my conscience is my supreme authority. Man can find God for himself without help of priest or book: for God is within and man cannot fly from Him. Wherever a man worships in spirit and in reality, there is joy; and freedom from the existing bondage: there is the real worshipper."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE BEER AND WINE INTERESTS.

Wayne B. Wheeler.

The attitude of the beer and wine interests in this hour of national peril is not surprising. They have always put private gain before patriotism. Food control legislation is necessary to win the war. In this crisis they started a filibuster to obstruct or defeat this vital legislation. Their influence alone would not be sufficient to kill or unduly delay its passage.

But the President, feeling that time is of the essence in the pasage of the bill, has intervened and the beer and wine prohibition will be stricken out, and beer grain and wine food material will continue to be wasted until further legislation is enacted.

The attitude of this treason trade in this crisis forfeits any alleged right it might have had for an existence. Every patriot should insist that before adjournment Congress shall enact a measure to prohibit the use of grain and food material for making beer or any other intoxicating liquor.

The incongruity of exempting from the bill beer grains is manifest. When will we stop to consider that twice as much grain is used in making beer as in making whisky? Every hungry child, underfed woman, and poorly supplied soldier will be a living protest to those who are responsible for this continual waste of food material in making beer and wine. A united appeal to Congress may still give relief.

FROM MOON TO MOON.

A Sermon by Noble Strong Elderkin, D. D.
Oak Park, Illinois.

And Terah took Abram . . . and Lot . . .and Sarah . . .and went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan. And they came to Haran and dwelt there. . . . And Terah died in Haran. Genesis 11:31,32.)

To go into the land of Canaan, where the worship of the moon was unknown! There was something stirring about this resolve of Terah's, when you remember his years.

He is resolutely facing new worlds. Turning his back upon the sacred associations of the past. Upon all that was dear and holy. Upon the faith of his fathers.

But he is going out in search of a new faith. In his heart he trusts that there is a new and a purer worship than this he knows. And which he may find if he but searches for it, but which he will not find unless he searches for it. He must break with the past. Only so may he hope. Only so may he come upon the new.

Ur was the holy city of the Chaldees. In the heart of the city was a great temple to the moon.

I don't know why Terah was tired of the worship of the moon. Every one else in Ur seemed to be happy in his worship of the moon. Perhaps Terah himself could not account for the stirring in his soul. But there was something about the worship of the moon that did not satisfy. It may not have satisfied others, but they never breathed a word of disappointment.

Terah had long been thinking of the day when his courage should become stout enough. When that day arrived he would stand up in the assembly of the people and bid farewell to the blessed past. He would openly proclaim his disappointment. The moon that they worshipped he could worship no longer. He was hungry. And he must be fed. Somewhere in the glowing west his heart told him he could be fed. And he must follow the leadings of his heart.

So Terah took Abram and Lot and Sarah and went forth from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan. The worshiper of the moon turned from the worship of the moon. He that had fallen prostrate before the mighty moon god would fall prostrate never again. He had won. His courage was stout enough. Stout enough for any venture.

Time and again in the other days when the great idea was upon him he would thrill his soul after this fashion: "Yes, some day I will go forth. There are better things than this for the men of earth. And these better things will never come to us unless we search them out. Too many men are too timorous. Too fearful. Too many men are too easily staggered by difficulties. I will not be. The world must have pioneers. The great causes that are to be must have pioneers. I will be a pioneer. I will make the venture. The world must find the paths that lead higher. Too many men fear to strike out upon the new paths. They dread the things that may happen to them. I will not be of them. I will strike out. I will open the new paths for the weary feet of weary men."

This is no ordinary soul that we are looking upon today. It is of this fibre that master-souls are made.

Then the great day came when Terah was an old man. He took Abram—his son, and Sarah—Abram's wife, and Lot—his son's son, and went forth from Ur of the Chaldees. To go into the land of Canaan. Where the worship of the moon was unknown.

Tradition tells us that they came to Larsa where the sun was worshipped. Terah hurried on. Then they came to Erech where Venus the bright evening star was worshipped. Terah did not linger. Then they came to Nippur where Baal was worshipped. They passed thru. Then to Borsippa where the planet Neptune was worshipped. Still westward. Faith in the forms that failed. Failed to appeal and hold. Each picture of the picture clearly defined. A man with his glowing face toward the west. He is on his way to Canaan. Away from the worship of the moon. He knows what he seeks.

And these forms of faith that he meets along his route are not the forms his heart is seeking. They had said back in Ur that he was too old. That a man of his years would never reach his destination. He knew better. Such a man as he could never get too old. They had said back there in Ur that his enthusiasm would peter out. He knew better. His enthusiasm was real enthusiasm.

And it was turning out just as he had predicted. Larsa was back of him. Erech was back of him. Nippur was back of him. Borsippa was back of him. And back in Ur they had said that he couldn't for the life of him resist the blandishments of those pulsing cities. But he had. In not one of them had he tarried. He swept on. Westward. Before long his eyes would rest upon Canaan. And then the news would filter back to Ur and the men of Ur would find themselves saying, "Terah went forth from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan and into the land of Canaan he came." He had done the impossible. The thing they said he could not do he had done. His years were against him. He could not break with his past. They knew that he would be back in Ur before long. Utterly wearied of the search. Completely persuaded that there was nothing better than the worship of the moon. How he had set at nought their fears! How perfectly he had triumphed!

Then they came to Haran. And the moon was worshipped at Haran. The men of Ur knew. After all they were right. For Terah lingered in Haran and died there. Weary of the search. Worn with the strain. Charmed with the old forms of faith.

The worship of the moon, so he must have comforted himself, was at least better than the worship of the sun and the stars and the whirling planets—the gods of Larsa and Erech and Borsippa. The sun was too bright. The stars twinkled. The planets whirled too bewilderingly. But the moon was quiet and steady. Its light was soft and sweet. The old-time faith was good enough for him. Searching for a new faith was not easy. It demanded too much.

And there is nothing more to tell about Terah except that he died in Haran. From the worship of the moon to the worship of the moon.

In those last days I can hear Terah chiding himself for having set out from Ur. He should have known that there was nothing better than the worship of the moon. He should have known that the old forms of faith could not be improved. So Terah gave up the search and in due time died. But he did one thing for which we may be grateful. He took Abram out of Ur. And if he had not, there is no telling what might have happened. Perhaps God would have kept on trying. Until he found his man.

It may be that we ought not to read anything of impatience into the command with which God commanded Abram. And yet the narrative leaves that impression. God said unto Abram, "Get thee out of thy father's house . . . away from the old associations . . . away from the old

forms of faith . . . away from the old trusts . . . unto the land that I will show thee." Perhaps God wasn't disappointed with Terah. Perhaps one ought not to assume too much from the ordering of words. But God said to Abram, Get thee out of thy father's house. Where it is forever the moon. God knew. Somebody must break with the past. If the past is not broken with there will be no changing future. Terah had failed. Had proved loyal to the old. And that wasn't what was needed. What was needed was the man who would strike out fearlessly into the new. Who would cast away all that tied him to the past. Who would drive himself into the new world. God knew the thing could not be done in Ur and in Haran. But over in Canaan, where the worship of the moon was unknown perhaps Terah would be able to make it. Perhaps Terah would have made it over in Canaan. But Haran was in the path. And in Haran they worshipped the moon.

Then God called Abram and said, Get thee out of thy father's house. So Abram went. And Sarah went with him, and Lot. And they went forth to go into the land of Canaan and into the land of Canaan they came. But that is another story. It is Terah that we are looking upon today. Terah—the man who turned from the temptations of Larsa and Erech and Borsippa, but who yielded to "the temptations of Haran." Terah—the man who abandoned the old forms of faith to go in search of new forms, but who at the last turned back again to the old. Terah—the man who felt the emptiness of moon worship and who hungered for a realler faith, wearied of the agonizing search, ending his days in the worship of the moon. The moon worshipper—loyal to the moon. Loyal to the old faith. The old-time religion was good enough. Speak rather, then, of the **faithfulness** of Terah. Speak rather, then of the **faithlessness** of Abram. Abram the deserter of the old faith. The dabbler in the new. The inconstant. He might seek to cover his disloyalty by insisting that God had bidden him seek out Canaan. But men would know. And God would know. And the ages would know. And all alike would condemn. Faithlessness is never beautiful to look upon. Terah began life in the worship of the moon. His fathers had worshipped the moon. His friends worshipped the moon. There was every reason why he should remain loyal to the moon.

And so when the exodus failed and Terah went back to the worship of the moon at Haran, you catch yourself exulting. You are glad of it. He had been brought up in the worship of the moon. He ought to remain loyal to the moon. What would life be if every one was forever deserting the old? Searching out the new? This restlessness is the killing thing. And anyway what right had Terah to set himself up as wiser and better and more religious than his fathers? They had been for ages worshippers of the moon. It was his duty to defend the faith of his fathers. Not to turn from it. There is every reason why we should be impatient with Terah. There is every reason why we should be disgusted with his assumptions of superiority. What right has any man to assume that he knows more than those who have gone before?

But I suppose some of you are other minded. Some of you are discouraged. You found yourselves exulting at the sight of a man who dared to dream of new and better things. And when he went forth from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan your heart clapped its hands. You watched every step that he took. You watched his manner and his bearing. There was something about him that promised infinitely. You feared that he might be unable to resist the temptations of Larsa. But you saw him sweep magnificently through Larsa. Then he came to Erech and Nippur and Borsippa you found that you were not afraid. He would be strong enough to go on. and he was. Then—Haran. Where the moon was worshipped. Where the Temple to the moon-god lifted its towers toward the heavens. Then Terah breaks down. Goes back to the worship of the moon.

That's the end of a chapter that promised infinitely. Suppose everyone did that! Suppose there were no Abrams to come after the Terahs! Then we should all forever be worshippers of the moon. And our pilgrimages out of Ur would be merely pilgrimages as far as Haran. From the worship of the moon to the worship of the moon. Some one going forth from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan must come at length to Canaan. No matter how difficult the journey may be. No matter what may be encountered at Larsa and Erech and Nippur and Borsippa . . . and Haran. And Haran. We are looking for the man who will not fail at Haran. The worshipper of the moon who will pass thru Haran.

You are asking yourselves certain questions. I know what they are. I do not mind saying that I am glad you are asking yourselves these questions. And perhaps some of you are letting your minds carry you across the seas. You are thinking of those who represent us in China. Their names are on the front page of the Bulletin. They are asking men and women over there who have been brought up in the worship of the moon to give over the worship of the moon. And they are finding that many are willing—though the cost may be frightful—to set out from Ur to go into the land of Canaan. They are deserting the faith of **their** fathers to take the faith of **your** fathers. How your hearts have rejoiced. That the harvest has been so rich. You have seen from afar those who disagreed with them, persecuting them, hounding them from pillar to post, slaughtering them when fancy suggested that treatment. You have rejoiced in the devotion of those who bore their bitter trials without murmur or complaint. And although the pressure was terrible these have pressed on toward Canaan.

What a wonderful thing faith in Christ is after all! That it will make men and women endure every hardship and a thousand tortures! It is this that assures the triumph of the truth. In China. And everywhere. The determination to go from Ur of the Chaldees to the land of Canaan. Where the worship of the moon is unknown. Where a new faith may be wrought into life.

Some one must reach Canaan. Or there will be no tomorrow for the race. I think that much is written across the incident. I wonder if this also is not written across it: That there comes a time in the life of the individual when a "certain kind of moral exodus"—as Ambrose Shepherd has it—is impossible. Terah DID get away from Ur. He made the break with the old order of things. But he lacked that which would steady him until he reached Canaan. He had enough to carry him through Larsa and Erech and Borsippa. Where the temptation to lapse perhaps was not very strong. But he did not have enough of it to carry him past Haran where the moon was worshipped. Where the old order of things was re-established. He had waited too long He had put off the day of reckoning too late. His enthusiasm was too short-lived. He had come to the time of life when enthusiasm is apt to be terribly short-lived. When he might make Haran, but be cheated out of the further journey into Canaan. For at Haran he is going to run across the old moon worship. And unless he has thought the thing through he is going to fail at Haran. He is not going to be strong enough to withstand the appeals of the old faith. That is not saying that a man cannot reach Canaan. It is say-

ing that a man who has not reckoned with the struggles and agonies and disappointments of the journey to Canaan will never get much farther than Haran. And Haran is not the destination of the man who is going to Canaan.

The race is bound elsewhere than from moon to moon. The thing is forever happening before our very eyes. Men starting to do something on the enthusiasm of the moment. Protesting that they are going all the way to Canaan. Protesting that they, having set out to find the new forms of faith, will not rest until they have found these new forms of faith. Thru Larsa and Erech and Borsippa. Swimmingly. Then Haran. And death in Haran. Pathetic but plausible. Too many reformers are troubles with Terahitis. They mean well. They start in well enough. They realize the task. Know how great a task it is that they have set themselves to do. They are going to wipe the saloon from the face of the land. They are going to make it forever impossible that little children should shoulder the burdens of industry. They are going to make war forever unthinkable. They start in well enough. Their enthusiasm is lusty enough. But it is all played out at Borsippa. And at Haran the moon is worshipped.

That is the end of the story. For them. It is too big a task, they argue. We are too far ahead of our day, they argue. We are only a few of us and we cannot expect to do a great deal, they argue. And after all there is no faith like faith in the moon, they argue. So the world waits. Until Abram comes.

The other day a civilization that loved war above all other things of earth set out from its Ur to go into the land of Canaan. It passed thru Larsa and Erech and Borsippa. Already was it congratulating itself that the Canaan of peace was not far off. It carried with it the ancient implements of slaughter. The implements that it was to use no more. The implements it has fondled back in Ur. When it loved war above all other things on the earth. I remembered that Terah had carried with him on his journey out of Ur the little images of the moon god. But that had never bothered me. He was taking what was no longer real to him. Images that had been discarded. Idols that were no longer idols to him. Surely there could be no harm in that. For he had determined to give over the worship of the moon. And these idols meant nothing to him. Nothing at all. Mementos of an outgrown day.

It was a splendid sight. The war-loving civilisation suddenly setting out from its Ur to go into the land of Canaan. The thing was full of promise. Some sneered. The war-loving civilisation was too old. It had loved war too long. It had worshipped the moon too long. At heart it really loved the worship of the moon. It could never change.

I said a moment ago that the war-loving civilisation as it set forth from its Ur to go into the Canaan of peace carried with it its ancient idols. The implements and the instruments of slaughter. I might have known. But I cheered myself, "Their presence means nothing at all. The war-loving civilisation has abandoned its ancient worship. It has left Ur. Anyone can see that it has left Ur. It is on its way to Canaan. To Canaan where the moon is not worshipped. Larsa and Erech and Borsippa are passed. The ancient idols hidden beneath the ample folds of its vestments mean nothing at all." Then Haran. Where men worship the moon. Where men slaughter each other in war. Just as they did in Ur. Haran—where the moon was worshipped just as it was worshipped in Ur. And the civilisation that really loved war above all the things of earth tarried in Haran and lingered and lusted anew for the blood of men. From beneath the folds of its vestments it took its idols and erected them upon new altars.

One day I saw a great host of men set out from the Ur of Nationalism. Millions of them. Utterly tired of the worship of the moon. To be sure, their fathers had worshipped the moon. Their fathers were Nationalists. Their fathers before them had been Nationalists. In the heart of the city a temple to the moon of Nationalism. Then this mighty sight, eight million Terahs, weary of the worship of the moon. One day they set out from the Ur of Nationalism to go into the Canaan of Internationalism. Hopeful, confident, light-hearted. Nothing could keep them from their destination. Nothing. Thru Larsa. Thru Erech. Thru Nippur. Thru Borsippa. Swimmingly. They are carrying some of the old idols. The idols they once worshipped. Not with any thought of worshipping them again. Merely to remind them of what they used to worship. There is no mistaking their thought concerning these idols. The very manner of mentioning them assures one. They speak of their idols as so much junk. The junk idea of the divine right of kings. To think that they ever believed in the divine right of kings! The junk idea of their country right or wrong. To think that they ever believed that their country wrong was to be defended! The junk idea that force is potent for the righting of wrongs. To think that they ever believed that might made right! That when the wrong and the hideous won it was right and beautiful! Surely these men are to be trusted. They have abandoned the galling ideas. Across their banner is the mightiest word that has ever been written across any banners—"Internationalism." Then Haran. Where the moon is worshipped. And eight million banners emblazoning the greatest word ever conceived by mortal mind are flung upon the ground. And eight million men who were chanting the sweetest song ever sung by humankind are yelling "Deutchland uber alles" and "God save the King." The great idea becomes the junk idea. And the junk ideas become the great ideas. From the worship of the moon to the worship of the moon. Haran. The collapse of socialism. The collapse of Internationalism. The re-enthronement of the hideous doctrine that kings rule in the stead of God. The re-exaltation of the damnable doctrine of my country RIGHT OR WRONG. The re-establishment of the monstrous teaching that might makes right. And the Christianity that has perennially collapsed like a house builded of cards before the onslaughts of war now stands limply by while socialism, its modern rival, collapses like a house builded of cards before the same ancient enemy. Oh! God, that we men and women may come to see what creature this is that stalks the earth! That with one breath can sweep away the sacredest things of earth. That with one blow can fell the church of Jesus Christ. That with one word can silence the hosts of socialism. That with a single sneer can set at naught the cherished ideal of brotherhood. And make us that were meant to be friends—fiends.

Of course if the story ended with Haran and with Terah it would be sorry enough. Tomorrow God will call Abram. I think he will speak sharply. He ought to. Get the out of THY FATHER'S country and away from his kindred and his house. Blot the memory of the moon from mind. And never give over the journey until thou dost come to the land that I will show thee.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to him, there is something within us which is more precious in his sight. It is of far less consequence, in any divine estimate of things how much a man suffers than what the man is.—Austin Phelps.

REV. KUNIO KODAIRA.

Pastor of the Japanese Church of Christ, San Francisco.

(This church is a "Federated" one, constituted by a union of the Congregational and Presbyterian Japanese churches in San Francisco, and held in relationship to both the Congregational and the Presbyterian National Bodies. It is a live church, a soul-saving one, as will be seen in reading the following paper, or by looking at statistics in the Year book. It there appears that 51 persons were added to it in 1916.

Mr. Kodaira was kind enough to attend with me last April, the anniversary of our Mission in Oroville. I asked him to tell as his address, the story of his entrance into Christian life. Last week we had a similar account from the new pastor of our Chinese Church. I have taken the liberty, not asking his consent to give to the readers of The Pacific Mr. Kodaira's modest but remarkable story. —W. C. P.)

* * * * *

I was born in the northern part of Japan where the snow lay five feet deep upon the ground and I was nurtured in Buddhism and Shintoism. Therefore I am quite familiar with ancestor and idol worship from my childhood.

For instance, when my youngest brother passed away, it brought great misery to my mother, who sank into deep agony of prayer to the gods to console and protect his departed spirit. It was winter and my mother took me up to the theater to see the "Play of Hell." There were small clay dolls moved by machinery. It showed children who had gone to hell, commanded by the demon of that region to pile up stones in a basket. If the demon does not like the form of the stone pile it was thrown down, and thus the lovely babes and children were compelled to repeat the job day and night. There is only one place where the children can find refuge, and that is under the garment of Buddha. When my mother saw this scene she burst into tears, recollecting her departed boy and thinking that he might be treated in this way. This show attracts people, it was so mystic as well as superstititious. In this religious atmosphere I grew up; and yet there was something in it which helped me to understand the word of God, even though its meaning is so different. The contrast seemed to make it easy for me to bow down before my Heavenly Father.

The second stage of my life was rather agnostic. I did not give attention to any religion in any sense. Most of my friends in the grammar school laughed at and abused the persons who worshipped gods as being cowards. There was one Greek orthodox Christian boy in my class. We used to throw stones at him and otherwise persecute him. If there happened to be some quarrel among us boys, we blamed him as though he were some evil spirit and ran after him shouting, Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

When I was eleven years old I was playing "hide and seek" with several boys in a barn. Doubtless it was on Sunday, and it was a beautiful day. My cousin, whose whole family had become Christians, came over and asked me to go to Sunday school, because the teachers there were so kind and would give us beautiful picture cards. "We can have a very joyful time," they told us, "singing and playing." "Come and follow me," the teacher says to us, just like Jesus did.

My cousin was very skillful, thus in his appeal to a boy's curiosity. We soon decided to go, following him and crossing the river, till finally we reached the school. There were 30 or 40 well-dressed children. The teachers taught us something from the Scripture and gave us some beautiful pictures and cards, just as my cousin told me they would. I was very proud of it all, and promised to come again the next Sunday.

But unfortunately I heard that this school belonged to the Christian church. I was fishing with one of my friends and he told me the following: "Oh, it is an awful thing to go to a Christian church. This teaching is meant only to cheat us and to conquer our country." So I replied to him, "Why, if this is so, I will never go to the Sunday school which is a house of magic." It was a time when this sort of spirit was prevailing among our people. Our friends, I suppose, were simple and childlike in believing such things about Christianity, just as even here in California people are found to believe the awful stories of the yellow newspapers.

Thanks to our Heavenly Father, that once, though only once, in my boyhood, I went to a Sunday school. One thing deeply impressed me and I could not forget it. It was the hymn by Philip Doddridge, beginning "Awake, my Soul," which the children sang—of course in the Japanese translation of it. These words and that tune at last awakened my soul long after, in my college days. Think it over: how important for our little ones, is the Sunday school.

The third stage in my life, covering its turning point—is the most worth-while to tell you. After I finished at the grammar school, I went up to Sendai, the capital of the northern part of Japan, a city that has been called the Glasgow of Japan. It is an educational center. My parents did not wish me to continue my studies, but were desirous that I as the eldest son in the household, should inherit some property. My fore-fathers were small feudal lords, keeping several hundred retainers, so in my home life I grew up under the influence of the Samurai spirit, stern but tender in heart; full of the spirit of self-sacrifice. As you know, there was about a half a century ago a time of Restoration when all the feudal lords gave back to the Emperor their authorities. The change thus wrought was very deep and very extensive.

Now, I told my father, "Please pardon me. I have already made up my mind to go to Sendai and I will continue my studies and support myself by work without any help from you." Then he was obliged to let me go. Unintentionally I was thus brought to the North Japan College, which was a mission school, because there I could have some work by which to support myself. At first I entered the High School in that institution, and continued in it for five years. During this time I was often urged by the pastor and my friends to be baptized, but I rejected this kind advice. Soon after graduation from the High School I returned to my native town. It was beautiful springtime; cherry blossoms abounded and the bush warblers were singing. Over green grasses the butterflies were flying. It was the best season of the year there, just after the snow is melted. I was one of about fifteen boys who agreed to go on a picnic, taking some sake—the Japanese wine with us. It was a warm afternoon. We all became intoxicated. I myself slept my drunken sleep among the bamboo brush. When I awakened I was astonished at myself. All the boys but one had left. This one afterward died for his country in Manchuria in the war with Russia. Ever since that disgraceful offense, I have regretted that I was not baptized at Sendai—before our God and his people.

When I went back to Sendai to enter upon the College course, I called upon the pastor and begged him to bap-

tize me and save me from my sin. In this way I became converted, a changed man, a Christian, feeling deeply my weakness, and praying the merciful Father to forgive past sinful negligence. I was then twenty years old; and then it came to pass that the true meaning of Philip Doddridge's hymn—"Awake, My Soul"—was realized in my life.

The fourth stage in my life is this time of my ministry. After I had graduated from the North Japan College, I determined to cross the Pacific and study in America. Through the courtesy of the president of my college and of Dr. Jordan, the then president of Stanford University, I was approved for admission to this institution. Dr. Jordan had been twice in Japan, and somehow his personality gripped me. But I was not allowed in providence to go there, my Heavenly Father leading me over rough roads to a very different destiny. My traveling expenses were to be furnished by one of my bosom friends. But he cheated and disappointed me. When I tried to raise $400 elsewhere I learned by experience the hard work it is to get money. I also found out that human beings are cold and selfish. Finally I asked my father to whom years before I had given my word that if he would let me go to get an education I would take care of myself, if he would give me the $400 that I needed, and he consented, selling property to raise the money. Thus provided for, I found the officials of the town and country, and my friends arranging for a farewell meeting for me. After this closed I came home to leave for America on the night train. Suddenly a messenger boy appeared with an order to stay and submit to a physical examination for conscription. All were astonished at this call, especially my sick mother. It was a fearful shock to me, for it was agreed on all sides that I would pass the examination and be conscripted, and all that I and my friends had been anticipating for me must be given up and my whole life plan changed. But my being nearsighted saved me; and so I caught the great steamer Minnesota and was landed at length in Seattle.

I came through all this struggle with faith like a grain of mustard seed. I gave up my ambition to major at Stanford in history and fit myself to become professor of history in some Japanese university, and heard a call of Jesus to preach his gospel. I entered the Pacific School of Religion and having completed my course became at first the pastor of the Japanese Congregational church in Oakland, and then, as now, pastor of The Japanese Church of Christ in San Francisco. During the past five years I have received to the churches, on confession and baptism, one hundred, and by letter, 86.

I am very thankful to our God, Jehovah, who uses me, as his instrument to save sinners and to lead men up from a life of chaos to the life of the new creation. To the only wise God, through Jesus Christ, who will have all men to be saved, be glory forever. Amen.

A NEW WAR PROBLEM.

Adah Wallace Unruh.

A camp of soldiers watching bridges and tunnels along a transcontinental line or a vital industry that is menaced—soldiers who are young, fine-looking, virile boys, no better, no worse, than the average brave, happy-go-lucky, thoughtless American lad, educated in the non-essentials, ignorant as a baby in essentials—all in natty uniforms that follow every curve of the superb forms; a nearby town with numbers of adolescent girls winsome and attractive, no better, no worse, than the average American girl; educated as girls of her age are in non-essentials, ignorant and irresponsible as a butterfly in essentials—mothers but a trifle more intelligent in the matter of the most vital problems their sons and daughters must face—the whole village alive with that emotional enthusiasm which constitutes the first stirrings of what will be real patriotic zeal later, when it will look out through tear-filled eyes from gaunt, hungry, suffering faces and cling with long-drawn, almost impossible sacrifice to a Nation's honor. In ten thousand American localities these are the familiar elements of the most perplexing problem of the world's sad war today.

Add to this the ever-present sex problem, of which we know next to nothing save a few seemingly unrelated and unexplainable facts—F-A-C-T-S—and we have a **home war** problem fraught with a danger grim and gaunt that almost makes our hearts stand still.

What student of psychology will tell us what is the charm in the uniform which makes the girl who is all dignity in her relations with the civilian ready to make street acquaintance with the same man when he shall have donned the uniform.

As in the material world chemical elements in themselves seemingly innocent when united make a poisonous compound, so in the human. A passing smile between these two—our soldier boy and our High School girl—a morning greeting; a moment's conversation; a stroll together down a town block; a lingering chat in the town park as the shadows fall; a more than ordinarily long handclasp; a frolic at the camp with others; a lone walk in a woodsy lane; a secret tryst; another; still another; then the company moves on and a sad young girl broods in silence till the passing days force upon her the certainty of the fatal truth, and soon another unmarried mother of a "war baby" is added to the pitiful group left in the locality of every military camp; while a young soldier "somewhere in France" now and then regrets—but not too sadly; for, to the average man the girl who is easy to make acquaintance is worthy to bear the results.

Here is our home problem: It is inevitable. It is already with us and the results will continue to follow as surely as the night follows the day until parents, teachers, and public spirited people everywhere waken from their culpable apathy and unite in an aggressive effort for the enlightenment and protection of both boys and girls.

Portland, Oregon.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT ONTARIO.

We quote from resolutions adopted by the Congregational Church at Ontario on the 24th of June:

"To the friends and members of Bethel Congregational church.

"The church committee has considered the resignation of the pastor of this church, which was presented to you on June 3rd, with so much tenderness, love and devotion, not only to the local church he has served so loyally through a critical period in its history, but also to the highest interest of the Kingdom of God to which he ministers unceasingly, and will continue to serve in the new field to which he has been called.

"Finding the resignation is irrevocable, with deep regret for the necessity, we respectfully present the following resolutions for your consideration:

"Whereas, Rev. R. B. Larkin, our worthy and beloved pastor, has felt the call of duty to another field of service, and has presented his resignation to this body, it

becomes eminently fitting that we record our appreciation of him and his beloved and saintly mother, through all the years of service and friendship in this southern land.

"Resolved, That the sterling Christian character, ability, wisdom they have ever exercised on behalf of this society and community, will be held in grateful remembrance.

"Resolved, That we will follow them with our earnest prayers and good wishes for continued success in the new work to which they go and express the hope that our loss may be another's exceeding great gain.

"Resolved, That said resignation be accepted to take effect August 1st, with vacation following the second Sunday in July."

JOHN L. MAILE'S LOS ANGELES PASTORATE CLOSED.

The seven year pastorate of the Rev. John L. Maile with Olivet Church, Los Angeles, closed the last of June.

A farewell reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Maile. An address was made by Mrs. B. G. Wright, of the Board of Trustees, who presented a letter of esteem signed by many friends. The Rev. William Davies and the Rev. E. H. Willisford, secretary of the Los Angeles Association, Revs. C. Ferris, Thomas Hendry, Madame W. F. Day, and Mrs. Ferris, spoke also.

The Rev. Dr. Thrapp, pastor of the First Christian Church, was very happy in exhibiting the fraternal spirit.

The decorations and refreshments were provided by the Olivet Ladies' Aid Society and a quartette of two pairs of sisters rendered very fine music—Mrs. R. H. Bacon and Mrs. C. E. Fisher, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Maile, and Mrs. D. Miller and Mrs. Thrapp.

On Sunday, July 1st, Mr. Maile supplied the Perris church, the last field to be visited seven years ago in the capacity of State Superintendent, and the first to be visited on the close of the Olivet pastorate.

On July 8th, Mr. Maile begins supply preaching with the Park Villas Church of San Diego. J. L. M.

PARK CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

Park Church has had one of the best seasons for some time. Ten members were received during the quarter, eight of them on confession. Quite as encouraging is the good spirit which has prevailed among the people. Preparations are being made for the Billy Sunday campaign and much benefit is expected from it. Rev. Chester Ferris, the pastor, and family, will spend most of July in La Jolla, where Mr. Ferris preaches four Sundays at Chula Vista.

LOOMIS.

Sunday, July 8th, was another good day at the Loomis Church. Five more were added to the membership, making a total of twenty-four since January 1st, eighteen of these being on confession of faith.

The Christian Endeavor Society is doing service among the Young People. They, with the pastor's assistance, have the full Sunday evening service and the attendance was never better. The Sunday-school over-crowds the little chapel and some of the classes are being held on the pastor's lawn.

Children's Day was a splendid success and the Tercentenary program was carried out. Five children received baptism. July first was "Patriotic Sunday," and an offering was taken for the Red Cross Society.

The pastor will take his well-earned vacation during the month of August, when the people are the busiest gathering and shipping fruit. The church and pastor look forward to many successful activities during the fall and winter that will serve the whole community in a larger way.

THE FEDERATED CHURCH AT ATASCADERO.

Pacfiic readers may be interested to know that we are just closing our second year in an experiment with a community church, and that we have every reason to be satisfied with the results attained. Two years ago we organized with a membership of one hundred and twenty members, representing fifteen denominations. The report at our annual meeting will show considerably over two hundred and fifty members, representing twenty-one denominations. It is the only church in the Colony, and has seemed to meet the religious needs of all.

FLAG RAISING AT FRUITVALE AVENUE CHURCH, OAKLAND.

A large and enthusiastic congregation assembled for the flag raising service Sunday morning, July first. The service was so arranged as to time that the Sunday-school could participate as a body, forming a chorus for part of the musical program, which was rich in patriotic selections. Mrs. Georgia McIntyre Spelker gave a musically accompanied reading; Mr. M. A. Brinkerhoff, representing the G. A. R., gave an address; the flag was presented by the Kappa Kappa Delta Club, a club of young ladies connected with the church, the President, Miss Carlotta Beshlitch, making a very appropriate speech. When the Spartan Club learned of this gift they decided that the church ought to have a pole in a more conspicuous place than the one already on the building, so they gave and erected a pole thirty-six feet high in front of the building, Mr. Sam Gunter making the presentation speech very felicitously. The Fifth Regiment band furnished the bugler and it had been expected that Battery 'B" would furnish the color guard, but owing to recent orders they were unable to attend, so some Boy Scouts served. The pastor, Rev. Charles F. Clarke, preached the sermon.

PALERMO.

Rev. L. Wallace has closed his work with the Palermo church after seven years of pastoral service in three installments. The first of two months' supply, the second lasting five years, the third of two years. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace celebrated the 44th anniversary of their wedding, June 14th.

CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The largest Christian Endeavor Convention ever held in the United States, except international conventions, was the California State Christian Endeavor Convention held in Riverside June 27 to July 1 of this year. Over 3400 delegates were registered and many hundreds more attended the sessios. The Southern Pacific Railroad says that the largest special train ever run in California was the C. E. Special from San Francisco. There were also special trains from Stockton, Fresno, San Diego, and nearer points.

The C. E. societies of the world have been for two years waging a "Millions Campaign." The following are some of the gains reported for California Christian Endeavor for the two-year campaign: 26,808 new C. E. members; 10,393 professed conversions; 5,081 new church members; an incerase of $45,159 for missions over and above the previous rate of giving; 779 new C. E. societies; 8,688 Comrades of the Quiet Hour (similar to the Morning Watch); 2,452 new Tenth Legioners (tithers); 398 new Life Work Recruits, who promise to prepare for the ministry, missionary service, etc. Surely Christian Endeavor is not a decadent force in California, but should be zealously guarded and sympathetically guided by the churches.

The large executive committee of the California C. E. Union has been notable for the high quality and deep consecration of its members and it has recently been the very best in its history. The greater number of the State officers and superintendents are persons who, while yet young, have already established high reputations for success in the business and professional world.

While the Congregational church ranks third in numerical strength in California Christian Endeavors, our denomination has furnished a disproportionately large number of leaders.

The pastoral counselor of the State C. E. Union is the Rev. R. B. Larkin, D.D., pastor of the Congregational Church at Ontario, but soon to become pastor of the North Congregational Church in Berkeley. His presence at the convention was very helpful. Our denomination was also represented by Dr. H. H. Kelsey of the American Board, Rev. G. W. Hinman of the A. M. A., Rev. LaRue C. Watson, who is the C. E. representative of the Northern California Congregational Conference, and by many others. There is a very rapidly developing cordial relationship and mutual helpfulness between the C. E. leaders and the church boards and organizations. An amendment to the State C. E. constitution proposed a year ago was adopted, giving a place and vote in the executive committee to official representatives of the various denominations.

LARUE C. WATSON.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. G. A. Charnock has been accepted for Y. M. M. A. work among the soldiers. During July Mr. Charnock is supplying the pulpit at Sacramento.

Rev. H. V. Miller has tendered his resignation to the church at Paradise and has accepted a unanimous call to the church at Sacramento, where he begins service September 1st.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco there will be an address by Mr. Angelou, a student in the Pacific School of Religion, on "A Message from an Immigrant to an Immigrant."

DR. PATTEN OF FOREST GROVE PREACHING ON "WORLD JUDGMENTS AND READJUSTMENTS."

The Rev. H. B. Patten is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons at Forest Grove, Oregon, on "World Judgments and Readjustments." Topics: "The War and the Second Coming of Christ," "The War as a Judgment upon the Nations," "Compensations of the War," "The War and the Comrade in White," "Knighthood in Flower."

The first Sunday in July six persons were received to membership, four on confession.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Forty received diplomas at the Whitman College Commencement, four of them A.M. President Penrose and family have gone to their summer camp on Puget Sound. The doctor plans to attend the Pacific Coast Theological Conference, to be held at Victoria, B. C., on July 24 to 26th.

The Pullman church building is in process of being dismantled, and the material is to be used in the erection of a new modern church in the vicinity of the Washington State College. The old church was built over a quarter of a century ago, and the city has developed in another direction, making the location unfavorable. The federated churches, to which the Rev. C. H. Harrison ministers—Congregational and Baptists—have a strong hold on a goodly proportion of the student body, and there is great need of improved equipment. The new church is expected to be ready for occupancy early in the fall.

Rev. J. H. Luckenbach has taken hold of the work of joint missionary of Sunday-school society and State Conference with vigor. The concensus of opinion is that he is the right man in the right place. He is a man of experience, poise, push and pepper, and he and Dr. Baird will make a strong and efficient team.

Dr. L. O. Baird, the State Superintendent, was with Brother Pendleton at Newport and Priest River last Sunday. On Monday noon he had a lunch and conference with the members of the State Board, and in the afternoon he met with the Ministers' Alliance and gave an outline of his plans, which were well received.

The Almira Church has advanced the salary of Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, and at their urgent request he has decided to remain another year. His pulpit work is especially acceptable and he has no Sunday night problem.

Rev. L. C. Carver is ministering acceptably to the Colville church.

Ministers' Conference.—It was my privilege to spend a week at this conference, held under the patronage of the Washington State College, Pullman. I can testify as I did last year, that it was especially helpful. The Presbyterian representative this year was Rev. Ralph Felton, Ph.D., of New Jersey. He gave evidence of being an expert, and much of an authority on rural church work. His lectures were full of practical suggestions, adapted to village, town, and rural pastors. They were the result of wide observation in many states, and the careful study of rural surveys and experiments. I am impressed that the Presbyterians are doing splendid work in this direction, and there is much that we can learn from them. The lectures by members of the faculty on sociology, psychology, history and political economy were such as to be profitable to all ministers; so also, the talks and demonstraations in the husbandry, poultry, dairy and home-craft departments. The president and faculty were uniformly courteous and kind, and free accommodations were provided.

I trust more of our pastors will avail themselves of the opportunity next year.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash., July 6, 1917.

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful
With your white robe of simpleness.
Let your crown be of humility, your freedom the freedom of the soul.
Build God's throne daily upon the ample barrenness of your poverty
And know what is huge is not great, and pride is not everlasting.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

For The Children.

GIVING BEFORE GETTING.

"Tell us a story, Auntie Lou!"

It was the usual before bed-time cry. Auntie Lou with the baby half asleep on her shoulder, smiled at them over his round little head.

"Sit quietly by the fire, then, till I come back," she said.

"Here, let me have that stool; you know it's my turn." Bob spoke rather roughly. "Telling Auntie Lou you were shivering, just to get the best place! It's my turn!"

"There doesn't have to be any turns." Florence clung to the stool with both hands and all her weight. "Auntie Lou can say who sits here."

"Oh! O-o-h!" Bob appealed, voice and eyes horror-struck, to Katie and Billy and Jack, who opened their eyes, too. "Just hark at that! 'There doesn't have to be turns!' "

"O-oh!" they all said, for Florence had broken their agreement to play fair about the stool by the fire, next Aunt Lou's chair, as well as about some other things." To carry the case to a grown-up court was what no one had ever done before. "You're a sneak, Florence Grant! That's what you are. We won't play with you any more!"

"No," chorused the others, always ready to follow any strong lead, "we won't!"

Florence's lip quivered, but she sat still on her stool.

"Now, don't any of you go back on that," Bob went on, sternly. "She's—she's—ostercised, that's what she is. It means no one's to speak to her for weeks and weeks and weeks!"

This was more than the culprit could bear.

"You can have it, Bob." She rose, shakily, "I—I was only—playing—that was all."

"You don't get off as easily as that," said the still aggrieved Bob; "you're ostercised, for weeks and weeks and weeks!"

Florence burst into tears.

"I'm sorry, Bob," she pleaded, "and—and I did shiver!"

"Shiver your grandmother!" Bob was rather rude. "I say you can't be spoken to!"

"Now I'm coming to tell the story," called Auntie Lou. "Quite quiet?"

"Sit down!" Billy and Katie pushed Florence back into the chair, saying to Bob: "We had to speak to her! If Auntie Lou sees she's been crying, she'll ask questions—"

"And there won't be time for a story," added Jack.

Then Auntie Lou sat down and slipped her hand on Florence's head, but Florence, knowing this would vex them all, shook it off, which must have puzzled Auntie Lou.

"Once upon a time"—they all drew closer with anticipatory pleasure—"there lived a king. He was a good and wise king, but for reason he seldom let his subjects see him. Once a year, however, it was his custom to appear in the great golden temple, to which every one might approach. I say 'approach' for none might profit until they had fulfilled a certain condition, which they had to learn when they reached the temple grounds.

"For weeks before this great yearly festival, people from the farthest confines of the kingdom journeyed toward the city of the king. They stayed at the large inns if they were rich, in simple lodgings if they were poor.

"Now in the crowd was a beautiful girl named Asra. She went eagerly to one of the keepers of the temple gates and said,—

" 'What is that the king bestows?'

The gatekeeper answered,—

" 'Pearls of great price, O maiden; but to those who keep such pearls as they have, he gives not.'

"Now Asra looked doubtfully at a string of pearls she wore. It would be hard to give them away. Yet—for a pearl of great price—perhaps she might. Still, when her little brother, Aro, asked her for them, she refused, though he had none, and it was the custom for boys also to wear them.

"However, when the time came for her to take her place in the long procession, she did so, and her pearls were hidden under her robe.

"On the throne sat the great king. His face was of a wonderful beauty and sweetness and strength. By his side was a chalice of gold, curiously carved, and filled with great, glimmering pearls. The chalice was not large, nor had it need to be, for as fast as one pearl was taken out another miraculously filled its place. One by one, the members of the procession knelt before the king. To some, with a smile that seemed to one new born with gladness, he gave a pearl. To others he said, while his eyes grew stern,—

" 'Thou keepest thine own, therefore it cannot be that I give thee mine!'

"When Asra knelt she grew very frightened, for it seemed to her that her robe became transparent, and she herself, through the folds, saw the lustre of her own poor jewels. How faint the lustre, beside the milky sheen of those others in the chalice! The king's words seemed to burn into her soul,—

" 'Thou hast kept the pearls whereof thy brother hath need; how, then, can I give thee mine?'

"She slipped out of the ranks when she rose, and went to the exit gates, and paused under an olive tree, clutching her pearls. She had now no care for them, but it was hard, hard to give them to her brother when she had refused him. But as those who had received the king's gift came out of the gates their radiant faces assured her that she had missed a great joy, and slowly she mingled with the throng, seeking her brother.

" 'I have done wrong to deny thee these,' she said, and herself put them around his neck. Then, humbled, yet more glad, she went to the end of the waiting line, and after a time her turn came, and once more she knelt before the king.

" 'Take, my child, my gift, he said, and her hands received the shimmering pearl attached to a golden chain so fine she had not noticed it before, and to her soul came a great peace. With song on her lip and holy joy at her heart she left again the temple and went her way to her home, her brother's hand in her's.'"

"What was the name of the pearl, Auntie Lou?" asked Katie, who was accustomed to the lesson hidden in Auntie Lou's stories.

"Forgiveness," was the answer, spoken gently. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive'—you know," she added.

"Florence can play with my new bat tomorrow," said Bob, a little shakily.

But Florence only pressed her head against Auntie Lou's knee.

"Why, my child!" Auntie Lou touched the burning forehead. "I'm afraid you've taken cold."

Florence sneezed—three times! Katie looked at the others.

"You can pretend a sneeze," she remarked.

When they had all gone but Bob, the eldest, and while

he was putting away his books, he wondered suddenly why Auntie Lou had told that particular story? I dare say she gave herself away when she said,—

"It isn't 'ostercise,' Bob, but 'ostracise.'" —Frances Harmre in Christian Register.

TWENTY-SIX SERVANTS.

"I wish I had somebody," sighed doleful Ned,
"To spell all my hard lessons for me;
I try and I try—but the words are so long,
I can never learn them," said he.

"Why, call on your servants," laughed big sister Nan,
"They'll do all your spelling for you.
Just tell them to take their right places, and then
The spelling is done—it is true!"

"My servants!" and Ned's two blue eyes opened wide.
I—I've never had even one."
"You have twenty-six," said his sister, "in all;"
And she just bubbled over with fun.

"All you've got to do (as I told you before,
And I am quite sure that you heard),
Is to tell each wee servant, 'Run quick to your place,'
And, presto! they've spelled you the word.

"The servants are a, b, c, d, e and f,
And all the rest down to z;
They not only help you, they do all the work
In spelling the word, Master Ned."

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free for evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

BACK EAST EXCURSIONS

SALE DATES:

July 1, 2, 11, 12, 16, 17, SHRDLU
July 1, 2, 16, 17, 24, 25, 31.
August 1, 14, 15, 28, 29.
September 4, 5.

SOME FARES:
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Omaha, aKnsas City	67.50
Dallas, Houston, San Antonio	70.00
New Orleans, Memphis. St. Louis	77.50
Chicago	80.00
Minneapolis, Sa. Paul	84.45
Washington, D. C., Baltimore	116.00
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